

The dog that has the bone is in favor of peace.

The President may lead the people up to the trough, but he can't make them spill it.

And when a man bumps up against hard luck he always blames some other fellow for shoving him.

A woman is always ready to admit a man's superior intelligence if he'll admit that she knows more than he does.

Tom Watson thinks it is not likely that he will be a Presidential candidate in 1908. Hasn't Tom found it to be a paying profession?

An East Tennessean has been set free after ten trials for murder. Who will say there are no arguments in favor of lynch law?

It is comforting to note that once in a while a hold-up man tackles the wrong customer and retreats permanently from the business.

A woman wants a divorce because her husband wouldn't allow her to talk. She ought to be able to get it on the ground of extreme cruelty.

Corneels have become so valuable in Oklahoma that the people can no longer afford to burn them. Perhaps they have been cornered by the coal trust.

A New York woman has been adjudged insane because she smashed a piano. Perhaps she was driven insane by some one who tried to play the piano.

A St. Louis girl who was married on New Year's eve was kissed by 400 people. It will be a shame if she never has any grandchildren to whom to tell the thrilling story.

The Adamless Eden which is to be founded in Texas will have only one-story houses. This is a wise provision. It will not be necessary to climb ladders in case of fire.

Harry Thaw gave his wife a Roosevelt bear for a Christmas present. Harry probably is one of the people who think they lack the true Christmas spirit who give only useful things.

When it was reported that Anthony Comstock had lost his job as a post-office inspector some malicious person alluded to the matter by saying that "Anthony has been stripped—of his credentials."

If Secretary Shaw can afford to decline a job with a salary of \$100,000 a year there need be no outpourings of sympathy over the fact that it costs him twice his present stipend to resign in Washington.

In a play that has recently made a hit in New York capital and labor are represented as settling their differences by the application of the Golden Rule. The author makes no claim to having founded the piece on fact.

Says the Baltimore American: "The best way to defeat and conquer danger is to march right up to it and bluff it between the eyes." That ought to be tried by the man who finds himself held up by a rude gentleman with a small-sized bit of artillery in his hand.

Comparatively speaking, what an affluent and independent gentleman the farmer is. The city man is the victim of the butcher, the baker and the poor gas maker. He pays for everything he gets except air and would be glad to pay for that if he could get the country kind. Not so the farmer. Though his fields are broad and his fences high and strong, he has a miserly feeling for everyone who lives within ten miles of him. His pastures and poultry yards supply his meat and eggs, his garden fills his vegetable cellar every fall and his fruit house is stocked with fresh canned and cured fruits in abundance. He works leisurely through the spring and early summer, rushes a little during harvest and then spends the winter doing the chores and cutting his year's fuel.

What has prosperity done for us? Grievous to say, with all our fine schools as large a percentage of the population as ever doesn't know how to create its trousers, eschew hair pomades and "scent" and avoid carrying its handkerchief in its hip pocket. It is safe to say that in our rush for mere material comforts and life problems we have sadly neglected the essentials. The realization of our fine dream to be the greatest nation on earth will never come until the dissemination is complete of the knowledge that while you may call your maid by her first name she must not reciprocate, that you must not eat things with your spoon that you can eat more awkwardly with your fork, that you must not wear spats with your overalls and that a reversible cuff is in contravention of the seventeenth amendment.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who died in London recently at the age of 92 years, was one of the most remarkable women of the last century. Her grandfather, Thomas Coutts, founded a noted London banking-house, and his granddaughter inherited a large part of his fortune. She was the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, but added the name of her maternal grandfather to her own in 1837. She used her vast wealth in building schools, churches and model tenements, in endowing bishoprics in Cape Town, Adelaide and British Columbia, in restoring waning industries and in assisting deserving immigrants. It is estimated that during her life she gave away fully five million dollars. In 1881, when she was 67 years old, she married Mr. William Leaman Ashmead-Bartlett, born an American, but naturalized as an Englishman, who had assisted her in relieving the sufferings of the Bulgarians and Turks after the war of 1877.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett assumed the name of his wife. She was already a baroness, to which rank Queen Victoria elevated her in 1871 in recognition of her great philanthropies. King Edward is reported as having characterized her as the most remarkable woman of her time, after Victoria, to whom he assigned first place.

As there is no royal road to learning so there is no certain formula for material success in life. All the successful men give out prescriptions for the attainment of wealth or other things to be desired, but these prescriptions are obviously faulty, since they do not succeed save in a few cases. Most men remain poor in spite of them. The advice of successful men is usually as useless as it is platitudinous. This is because it lumps all men together, whereas every man is a case by himself. Here is E. H. Harriman, for instance, making public the secret of his success. "I just attend to business," he says; "that is how I succeed. Anybody can do the same." Yet all of us know hundreds of men who, though they attend to business as faithfully as they can, are not successful even in a modest way. They toil early and late, they neglect no honest effort, yet they live and die failures so far as material success is concerned. Mr. Harriman's system is thus ineffectual with respect to a large proportion of men, and he seems to realize it, for he goes on to amplify and qualify his advice very materially. "I just attend to business in which I am concerned," he says, "and meet the turn of events at the proper time. Any man of reasonable intelligence with ability to appreciate the golden opportunity and seize it will succeed in his endeavors." This puts a very different complexion upon it. Attention to business alone will not suffice. The aspirant for great things must also meet the turn of events at the proper time; he must seize the golden opportunity which is not common to all men. And it is in these qualities that success resides. Successful men, who, like Harriman, give advice to those who wish to emulate them would do better if they put the matter another way. They should say that men can not succeed without energy and industry, but they should not assert that those qualities alone will command success. For the truth is that success in material things is often the result of qualities which are not entirely admirable, even though they are rare. As for success in matters not material it can be attained by every one. A man may live all his life in poverty to die rich at last in those things which can not be bought for money. This is success which can not only be deserved, but which can be commanded.

Justice has only recently been done to one of the most majestic mountains of Colorado. For some years a persistent rumor has been afloat that the famous Mount of the Holy Cross had suffered an accident in the shape of a rock slide which had destroyed one of the arms of the cross, or rather had filled up one of the transverse canons and excluded the snow therefrom, thus obliterating a portion of the cross. Photographs showing this defect have actually been made, but a short time ago the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad sent its photographers, W. H. Jackson, the noted landscape artist of Detroit, and George L. Ream of Denver, on a trip to the wonderful Holy Cross region, for the purpose of proving or disproving the statement as to the partial destruction of the cross. Leaving the town of Red Cliff, after an immense amount of hard traveling through an almost unbroken wilderness, the summit of Notch Mountain, a long and jagged eminence directly opposite the Mount of the Holy Cross, was reached, and from the first point of view one of the arms of the cross did appear to be missing. However, on hearing to the right and rising higher a fine thread of snow became visible on that portion of the summit, and after continuing in this direction for some distance the entire left arm appeared and it was found that the cross was as complete and beautiful as ever.

A comparison of the new photographs with the first one ever made, which Mr. Jackson took thirty-three years ago, shows practically no change even in the spots of snow on the mountain, to say nothing of any alterations in the masses of rock of which it is composed. Evidently the story of the demolition was started by persons who had not ascended to the proper height or at the proper point to obtain the full view of the cross. Doubtless this magnificent mountain will retain its shape and remain one of the wonders of America for many generations to come.—Toledo Blade.

ONE OF COLORADO'S WONDERS.



MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

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MEMORIES OF THE FARM.



When I was a boy we had one unfulfilling job—husking corn. We husked all winter. We husked from crop to crop. It was like a curse on my life. It was the unfulfilling remedy for the least appearance of laziness. "Go down to the north field and husk a few bushels of corn." That was the order and it had to be obeyed. And with a corn crop running into the billions of bushels they still husk it by hand. Why doesn't somebody who is sorry for farmer boys, invent something?—Bushnell, in Cincinnati Post.

girls who only a couple of years ago stood in line to apply for work at these very stores from which the complaints are now coming have gone, says Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly. Hotels are complaining about the scarcity of maids and of waiters, and there is the everlasting wall about the lack of household servers. Do they vanish into thin air? Not at all. The secret of their mysterious and steadily increasing disappearance is solved. They go on the stage. The hundreds of musical comedies playing in New York and throughout the country swallow up these girls and men by the thousands. There are at present being produced in New York alone twelve musical plays, in which from 100 to 200 girls are employed in the chorus, and at the hippodrome 400 or 500 girls and several hundred men find constant employment.

One reason of this stampede to the footlights is that it means more money. Few girls in shops earn more than \$10 a week, and the great majority earn considerably less, while the homeliest kind of a chorus girl commands at least \$15 a week, with costumes furnished. If she happens to be pretty and is a good dancer, she earns at least \$20 or \$25, and often more. From the writer's point of view the shop work, even with its low wages, is preferable to the life of the chorus girl, which is anything but hoer and skittles; but to those who only see the glare of the footlights and hear the music of stage life, the chorus opens up a sort of perpetual fairyland to their mental vision. Despite the hard work and the hardships which form a part of the chorus girl's life, there is undoubtedly a fascination in it and few that have once entered upon it care to desert it for other work.

The man who tackles farming because he thinks it is an "independent life" never plows a great deal of corn.

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WHY GIRL HELP IS SCARCE.

Attirements of the Chorus Prove More Attractive than Store Jobs. A New York paper recently contained an article upon the growing difficulty of securing help for the large department stores, and the writer of this article wondered where all the men and

ENGLAND'S APOSTLE OF "THE NEW THEOLOGY."



REV. R. J. CAMPBELL WITH A FAVORITE COW.

Rev. R. J. Campbell of London declares himself openly in favor of the new theology and admits that the story of the fall is not to be taken as history but as a symbolical story. He also declares that he cannot accept the doctrines of vicarious atonement and the belief that Christ while on earth was equal with God. Since this declaration Mr. Campbell's services at the City Temple have been more crowded than ever and hundreds are turned away every Sunday. In his home life Mr. Campbell is very fond of agricultural pursuits and spends much time in the fields and in his garden.

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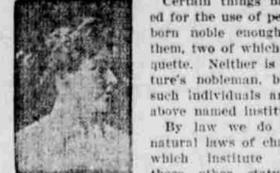
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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DON'T BE A SLAVE TO ETIQUETTE.

By Juliet V. Strauss.



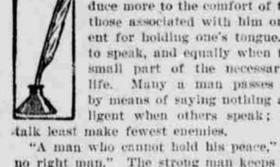
Certain things have been invented for the use of people who are not born noble enough to do without them, two of which are law and etiquette. Neither is requisite for nature's nobility, but unfortunately such individuals are scarce, so the above named institutions flourish.

By law we do not mean those natural laws of chastity and honor, which institute themselves, but those other statutes and limitations, on the hither side of which our most popular citizens keep with difficulty. By etiquette we do not mean the common decencies and kindnesses of life, but those little quirks of conduct by which people of fashion demonstrate to the unthinking masses that they are very superior, but convince the respectable minority of thinking people that they are fools.

The truth is, formal politeness is one of the most worthless things in the world, unless accompanied by a genuine feeling of kindness and good will. There is a kindly and human bearing that must go with it, else mere mechanical etiquette is in itself insulting.

SILENT GIRL IS ATTRACTIVE.

By Helen Oldfield.



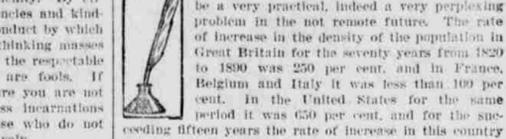
There are few negative virtues which conduce more to the comfort of the possessor, and those associated with him or her, than a talent for holding one's tongue. To know when to speak, and equally when to be silent, is no small part of the necessary equipment for life. Many a man passes for wise simply by means of saying nothing and looking intelligent when others speak; while those who talk least make fewest enemies.

A woman, especially, to be attractive must preserve a

sense of reserve; she must, so to speak, keep up a certain amount of mystery about herself. To many persons this reserve is in itself a compelling charm. In a popular modern novel the imaginative hero wears of his bride because he discovers that she is "too transparent, too easily understood." Which, however unreasonable, is not an impossible state of affairs. There is an Arabian proverb, one of the seven sayings of Suleyman the Sage, "Never tell all you may know, since he who tells all he may know often tells more than is wise." The precept is one well worth keeping.

DANGER OF OVERPOPULATION.

By Dr. Charles A. L. Reed.

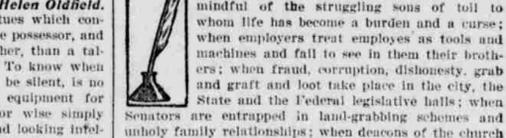


The overpeopling of our land is destined to be a very practical, indeed a very perplexing problem in the not remote future. The rate of increase in the density of the population in Great Britain for the seventy years from 1820 to 1890 was 250 per cent, and in France, Belgium and Italy it was less than 100 per cent. In the United States for the same period it was 650 per cent, and for the succeeding fifteen years the rate of increase in this country has greatly accelerated.

In India and in China the population is too large as it is. The result is periodic famines, and plagues and unduly low wages in towns. A dense population is no evidence of a nation's prosperity, but often the reverse.

TIME TO CALL A HALT.

By Rabbi T. Scaenarber.



When certain men must starve while others live in luxury and extravagance, little mindful of the struggling sons of toil to whom life has become a burden and a curse; when employers treat employes as tools and machines and fail to see in them their brothers; when fraud, corruption, dishonesty, grab and graft and loot take place in the city, the State and the Federal legislative halls; when Senators are entrapped in land-grabbing schemes and unholy family relationships; when deacons of the church rent out their hotels for low and immoral purposes because this nets them a large income on their investment; when devotees of the church and synagogue rent out their tumble-down, ramshackle, uninhabitable tenement houses to the poor, because they bring them usurious returns; when the youth of this country are stunted and blighted and dwarfed through inhuman child labor; when factories and railroad crossings and the murderous railroads send thousands to an untimely grave, the time has come for every lover of humanity to cry a halt and to use every influence to have such legislation passed as will make these things an impossibility in the coming years.

THE JAMAICAN EARTHQUAKE.



Scene Picturing the Awful Panic Which Ensued When the City of Kingston Was So Mercilessly Destroyed.

SILENCE CLUB OF PARIS.

Members Do Not Talk Unless They Have Something to Say. It is not surprising that the first year of the Silence Club of Paris has closed with such gratifying results that the club may be said to have achieved success in its decidedly unique sphere of usefulness," remarked a psychologist to a Washington Star man.

All rules of mechanics converge to the concentration of force and the elimination of waste energy. In human affairs generally every individual endeavors to expand as much energy as he can in the simplest and the greatest of his endeavors, seeming to think that the more force he puts into an act, a thought or a speech the better it is.

WOMEN OF ZANZIBAR.

They Usually Live in the Greatest Seclusion in the Daytime. The Arab women of Zanzibar live in great seclusion in the large white houses, never going out in the daytime from one year's end to another, says the Manchester Guardian. A little cooking and sweetmeat making is their only recognized employment, though some few of them can do beautiful silk embroidery. To lie on their beds and be fanned by their slave girls is the usual occupation of the richer women.

His Normal One.

First Nurse—The doctor says you must observe old Mr. Skinduff's mean temperature.

Queer Things in Kansas.

A Kansas City man has just succeeded in getting a patent on an electric motor fastened on a cow's back, the electricity being generated by a dynamo attached to her tail. It strains the milk and hangs up the pail and the strainer. A small phonograph accompanies the outfit and yells "So!" when the cow moves. If she kicks a hinged arm catches the milk stool and lams her over the back.—Osawatomie Globe.

Bearded Vulture Largest Bird.

The largest bird of prey in the world is the bearded vulture, which measures from wing tip to wing tip as much as nine or ten feet.